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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

18 APRIL 1980

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Information please

Catherine Onslow, organiser of the last London season of the Italian actress Eleonora Duse in June 1923 under the management of C. B. Cochran; any information about Miss Onslow, who befriended Duse and apparently bought her house in Anglo after her death in 1924; for a book about the last years of the actress.
Giovanni Pontiero, 3 The Grove, Goldsbury, Manchester 20 5RG.
Bevin Boys: any items of information, personal reminiscences or photographs, for a book to be published in 1982, marking the fortieth anniversary of the scheme to relieve the wartime shortage of mine-workers in Britain.
Michael Webster, 194, Northall Gardens, London NW3 5SL.
John Phipps, railwayman, syndicalist, activist at Ormskirk and Liverpool, and workers' union organizer; information about his career after 1921; date of death, and whereabouts of any obituary notice.
David A. Pretty, Plot 3, The Dell, Ton-Ton, Mid-Glamorgan, South Wales.
Joseph Warton (1722-1800): whereabouts of any of his letters, for a PhD thesis.
Hugh Reid, The Dairy Cottage, Mongewell Park Farm, Wallingford, Oxon OX10 8BS.
Hector Hugh Munro ("Saki"): copies of any letters or other material for a biography.
C. G. Christopher, Sinclair-Stevenson, 100, Strand, London WC2R 9JZ.
Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608-1686): whereabouts of manuscripts or any of Fanshawe's poems or letters, and information for an edition of his works, including those of *Lustads* and *the Pastor* which exist in modern editions.
Peter Davidson, Clare College, Cambridge CB3 9LL.
The Philosophical Movement (1975): any information, personal or documentary, about its various components, organizations, personalities.
Paul R. Smith, Department of Sociology, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT.

For the good of England

By J. P. Kenyon

EDWARD GREGG: Queen Anne 483pp. 20 illustrations. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £17.50. 0 7100 0400 1

It was Queen Anne's misfortune to be born at the time of the Stuart dynasty, and it is her voluminous and angry correspondence, supplemented in 1742 by a published narrative, the notorious *Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough*, which has fixed the Queen's character for posterity. "She certainly meant well", wrote Sarah, and was not a fool, but nobody can maintain that she was wise. She was ignorant in every-thing but what the parsons had taught her when a child, and she never failed in performing exactly the rule given her by them. . . . Being very ignorant, very fearful, with very little judgment, it is easy to be seen she might mean well, being surrounded with so many awful people, who at last compassed their designs to her dishonour.

Even if Sarah and her husband seemed prominent among these "awful people", this did not invalidate her judgment, and the impression of a weak woman led by the nose was heightened by the demeaning tone of much of her correspondence with the Marlboroughs. Given her pronounced physical disabilities and generally poor health, the recessive position she had occupied in the previous reigns, her lack of formal education or training in the exercise of authority, it was a plausible enough impression, and one shared by most contemporaries—initially, at least. Soon after he arrived in England the Electress Sophia's personal agent, Fulcrum, assured Leibniz that the Queen was a mere cypher, dominated by court favourites. After a few months, however, he had to revise his ideas: he now found her "very opinionated and quite ferocious".

Her posthumous rehabilitation, rather strangely, with Winston Churchill in 1934, strangely enough, was otherwise wonderfully indulgent towards the Marlboroughs. Like almost every-thing else, he overestimated Anne's blind devotion to the Church of England, but he went to the heart of the matter when he said, "As long as she lived she meant to reign". Writing at much the same time (1930), G. M. Trevelyan was inclined to be patronizing: "In that part of heroism which consists of endurance, poor dowdy Queen Anne was no less heroic than her ancestor the Prima Donna of Scottish romance". To him Marlborough's military genius is all, and Marlborough's betrayal in 1710 and 1711 is a tragedy engineered by Robert Harley with the backstairs assistance of Abigail Masham.

However, the research of the past twenty years or so has put all this behind us. The first decisive step was taken by J. H. Plumb in 1957, when he showed that in the Cabinet Anne kept a tight grip on decision-making and maintained a stern regal presence. Geoffrey Holmes's sensitive, thoughtful and deeply researched study of the party politics of the age, published in 1967, showed her in a completely new light, especially in her relations with her ministers, and David Green's biography of the Duchess of Marlborough, published in the same year, tried to be fair to the Queen as well as to her. Angus McInnes's study of Harley (1969) complemented Holmes's work, and a series of books and articles by G. V. Bennett on the Church not only showed the Queen to be much less of a devotee than we had supposed, but also gave us many glimpses of her acting in a decidedly un-Anne-like manner. The diary of her personal physician, Sir David Hamilton (discovered in the late 1960s and published in 1975) shed further light on her character—more than it did on her health, in fact.

The only biography to emerge from all this was by David Green, who took a second bite at the cherry in 1970. But he was still much too close to the Blenheim archives, and distracted by the ground noise put out by Sarah Marlborough; nor did he have the professional training and expertise to cope with such a vast subject. Edward Gregg, however, is completely equipped to write the definitive biography, and he has triumphantly succeeded. He has subjected the whole of the Spencer-Churchill papers to a ruthless analysis for the first time, and his use of Sarah's early drafts of the *Conduct* is particularly significant.

He has also searched every other relevant archive, including the Staatsarchiv at Hanover, which he uses to telling effect; he even makes sense of some of Harley's obscure memoranda in the Portland Loan deposit; and he is, of course, au fait with the extensive printed evidence for the period. The result is a complete rehabilitation of the Queen, as well as a new interpretation of several crucial and controversial incidents in her reign. On some of these last his conclusions are perhaps open to question, but I think his portrait of the Queen, and his assessment of the reign as a whole, will only require supplementation.

But first, a necessary word of caution. The first quarter of the book, up to Anne's accession in 1702, is well below par, and there is a real danger that critical readers will fall away at an early stage (those with a working knowledge of the period could well start at page 130). Gregg's account of the Queen's youth and early adulthood is leaden, and at times almost perfunctory; his handling of political issues shows none of the grasp which distinguishes his account of her reign, and no great depth of research. Some very old-fashioned notions are trotted out, his attempts at new-fashioned theories are often maladroit, and there is a light but irritating sprinkling of errors. He is indulgent towards the Marlboroughs—the last thing he can be accused of later—and almost ridiculously critical of William III and Mary. Everything is seen through Anne's eyes, with the result that she is always right and everyone else, especially her sister and brother-in-law, wrong. On the rare occasions when William's point of view is put, as on the vexed question of Court mourning for James II in 1701, she is suddenly made to appear insufferably petty, childish, ill-informed and immature. This, of course, is the conventional picture of Anne, but it is difficult to reconcile with the picture of an active, intelligent and decisive ruler which fills the rest of the book, and which Gregg convinces us is largely true.

In fact, according to Trevelyan, after the death in 1700 of her last child, the Duke of Gloucester, Anne adopted a much more serious attitude towards her impending responsibilities, and even began to read up some English history. (Gregg has nothing on this.) The fruits of her reading were soon evident: on her first appearance before Parliament, with her reign three days old, she wore a costume modelled on a portrait of Elizabeth I, and a few weeks later she adopted her famous motto, *Semper Paratum*. In November she revived the Elizabethan custom of holding state thanksgiving services at St Paul's for success in war. (Though as early as 1692, having quarrelled with her older sister, she drew a rather hectic parallel between her "sufferings" and those of Princess Elizabeth under Mary I.) At the basis of her political thinking from then on was what Gregg calls "the Elizabethan concept of national unity", and she took her role as war leader with a seriousness that is almost grotesque. (Gregg argues that she remained committed to war for longer than it is now fashionable to think, up to the late autumn of 1705.)

With this went a deep sense of her responsibility towards her people. She chose as the text of her coronation sermon Isaiah 49:23, "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers", and it was as if she released into her public role all the maternal instincts so bitterly frustrated by her inability to bear healthy children. "I have no thought", she said later, "but what is for the good of England. I am sure I have no other, nor never can, but will always to the best of my understanding promote its true interest, and serve my country faithfully, which I look upon to be as much the duty of a sovereign as of the meanest subject." This was the trust imposed on her by God, and though she dismissed the idea of the Divine Right of Kings as more appropriate to the Jacobite branch of the family, she revived the custom of touching for the "King's Evil", and approached it with rare emotion and exaltation; in 1714, on her last legs, she alarmed her ministers by insisting on fasting as usual before the ceremony.

She once told the Marlboroughs, "The whole world knows, that there has not been ever upon the throne a person with more virtue and good qualities for the public good more truly in their interest." And the people reciprocated; her popularity with all classes was fervent and sustained, and no public blame was ever attached to her actions. We know, and her ministers knew, that she could not stay outside or above

politics, but in her public persona she successfully maintained the pretence that she did. The reality was very different. Her honeymoon with the Tories, which in view of their shared views on religion was expected to last the reign, in fact lasted less than twelve months. As soon as they crossed her she moved with majestic self-confidence to remove them: her uncle Rochester, in 1703, and Seymour, Jersey and Nottingham in 1704. At the time this was attributed to the influence of Marlborough and Godolphin, but Gregg shows that she wanted to go farther, sooner, and had to be restrained. Henceforward, he remarks, "None of her ministers was ever to underestimate her ability to enforce her strongly held convictions". Her basic political conviction was that to surrender to either the Whigs or the Tories would weaken the authority of the Crown and imperil that national unity on which she set such store. In this context none of her governments was entirely to her liking, which is why the history of her reign is one continuous cabinet reshuffling. The government which came nearest to meeting her requirements was that projected by Harley in 1708, consisting of himself, Godolphin and Marlborough, supported by a new generation of moderate men from both parties; she blamed him for his premature collapse and found it difficult to forgive him.

Her style of government was established early. Not only did she preside at the Cabinet every Sunday and always have the last word, she was soon receiving foreign envoys and Scots agents without an English minister present, showing a complete grasp of the matter in hand and a willingness to take decisions. She was not above lobbying individuals in parliamentary elections, even Widdie like Bishop Burnet, and she brought her personal influence to bear on the election for Speaker in 1705. The Lord Chief Justice had to remit all death sentences to her, though she was not unduly squeamish about confirming them. Behind a smoke-screen of self-deprecatory verbiage, she ritual presentation of herself as a "poor woman", with poor opinions, she had an elevated conception of her own abilities and entire confidence in her authority. Her resumption of Charles II's habit of attending Lords debates

was not a sign of weakness, but a sign of her confidence in her authority. Her resumption of Charles II's habit of attending Lords debates

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to the editor

The Future of the Wiener Library

Sir,—Like Professor D. C. Watt (Letters, April 11), I very much regret the personal animosity—and now the politicisation—which have crept into the letters campaign about the Wiener Library. This has been entirely one-sided. Most of the letter-writers wish, no doubt, to be helpful; a few would prefer to see the Wiener Library in London closed; I do not wish to engage in speculation about motives. I simply register facts. Nor do I complain about a vendetta, though some readers of the letters columns of the press may by now have received such an impression, mistaken no doubt.

Professor Watt's description of the holdings of the Wiener Library is, on the whole, correct, but for the fact that it was founded in 1933 (an obvious date), not in 1931. What he says about its history is almost entirely wrong. In his professional work he would doubt have tried to gather all the evidence and would have submitted it in meticulous scrutiny; yet on this issue he writes with total assurance on the basis of, to put it mildly, very little knowledge.

The existence of the Wiener Library from its arrival in England was precarious; those interested in it will find them in the Wiener Library file now available in the PWL material in the Public Record Office. As far as their superiors were concerned, Dr Wiener and his associates were marginal people engaging in work of very little importance. There were some well-wishers—Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, Walter Adams and in later years, Leonard Montefiore, in name only the most important. But they could not find the financial basis for the library and this it struggled on, its survival a perpetual miracle. True, it had the goodwill of many historians—not all—as I now realise, it is apparently difficult to even a small institute without treasuring on some toes and antagonising some people. A fund-raising genius might still have saved us; unfortunately we did not find one, and to translate academic goodwill into cash contributions was not as easy as Professor Watt makes it appear. As I cast my eyes around the London scene, I see institutions far larger and more prestigious than ours mainly existing from foreign donations. I see the financial difficulties of many academic institutions—and I fall to be convinced by Professor Watt's optimism.

Professor Watt's invocation of the shade of Dr Wiener and his testament is touching but entirely tactless. There is no testamentary codicil in the Wiener Library; if there had been one, including a flat relating to any exodus from London, how could the executive committee of the Wiener Library have entered into negotiations with Reading University in the first place? Dr Wiener had indeed voiced various wishes, prior to his death; one of them concerned his

desire that the Wiener Library should be maintained as an autonomous unit for as long as feasible—this was the bone of contention. Wiener had negotiated with the Hebrew University for more than a year in the 1950s and the talks broke down only because Jerusalem University could not comply with his minimum demands. This is a matter of record; some of those involved in the negotiations such as Gershom Scholem, the scholar of world renown, are alive and can be easily consulted.

Wiener of course did not want to transfer the library from London. Nor did the executive committee in 1974. Every member would have preferred other things being equal, its continued stay in London. Only the lack of financial support influenced their decision.

We continued our efforts to save as much as possible even after the contract with Tel Aviv University was signed; and thanks only to several generous grants from abroad (we were turned down by every single British foundation to which we applied), all rare materials—and much more in addition—have been microfilmed. The new Wiener Library will be an extension, broadly speaking, as the old one in the early 1950s. All this could have been easily explained to Professor Watt over the phone, and we shall continue to operate from Devonshire Street; to elucidate these questions, the correspondence columns of the TLS were not, perhaps, needed. It is admittedly much easier to denigrate the new Wiener Library if one does not know how extensive its holdings are. Incidentally, we have produced a data sheet providing the answers to these and other questions, available on application.

I would like to conclude on an optimistic note: during the past few months there has been support, and promise of support, from quarters which have not helped us in the past. But we are still in need of considerable assistance. Professor Watt's idea that what remains of the Wiener Library should be integrated into existing research libraries in London belongs to the realm of fantasy. If we are denied sufficient means to carry on, Tel Aviv will have first claim on the material, and of course, the sponsorship abroad in the microfilm project is very little, or nothing, will remain here. There may be a few who, for reasons still not entirely clear to me, are by now so agitated that they will prefer cutting off their noses to spite their faces. I am sure no reasonable historian in this country wants to engage in such unnecessary and harmful facial surgery.

WALTER LAQUEUR
Institute of Contemporary History
and Wiener Library Limited, 4
Devonshire Street, London W1N 2BN.

I would like to reply to certain points made by Julian Roberts in his full and generally kind review of *The British Library General Catalogue of Printed Books to 1975* Volume 1 (April 4). A work of this size—the BLC will run to 500 volumes—regarding the establishment of a new (and of filters, and layout artists, who had to learn to cope with the demands of a new processing system. Weeks were spent by Jim Edmond and his staff in the formation of a sound editorial and production routine to eliminate as many technical and logistic problems as possible. Our treasure of access was publication of the first six volumes on schedule last year. During the completion of these first volumes, a great deal of work has been done by Volume 4 the hand handwriting Mr Roberts complains of gives way to the cleaner, neater hand of our own artists. Volume 4B will be published at the end of this month, still on schedule, and will improve the quality of the final judgement, after the appearance of periodical publications headings, will be in our favour.

So, as not to discourage the user who deliberately kept the publica-

tion of filing short, believing that practice is the best teacher. The alternative is a twenty-five page guide, at present being produced by the British Library, who consider this to be brief. Similarly, there is a guide to press marks available in the Reading Room. We intend to supply copies with each set of BLC in future.

One point of correction: the uneven tone or black and smudgy entries are due entirely to the quality of our source material. In this respect the age, or youth, of an entry is quite unrelated to its quality.

Finally, flickering dots on a television screen are not quite with us since we at Bingley have a few other plans for projects of this size which will appear well after 1984—even up to 1990.

BRIAN K. TOMES
Clive Bingley Ltd, Common-
wealth House, 149 New Oxford
Street, London WC1A 1NE.

Sir,—I am amazed, and of course pleased, to discover that letters to me from Elizabeth Bishop and Marianne Moore were not, as I thought, lost or destroyed, but have been put in the Wiener Library's archives since November, 1974. I am sorry to have to say that I never willingly parted with them, nor have I ever sold or authorized anyone else to sell manuscripts or letters belonging to me.

I am disturbed by the implications of Ms Hall's letter (April 4), which seems to suggest that I literally possess copies of letters which are not my property. The copyright of these letters, I discover too late, belongs to the estate of Elizabeth Bishop and specifically to Ms Alice Mochizuki, her literary executor, to whom I should have applied for permission to quote from them. But the letters themselves, which must have been abstracted from my files without my permission, surely are mine. I have always had my home in the Washington University archives, they had better stay there. In any case, I would have given these letters, eventually, to some American university. But I deeply deplore the practice of selling the papers of great writers, and in the case of Elizabeth Bishop, I'm sure she would have been distressed had I done so. It was because I believed that I owned the only record of this correspondence that I sent these letters to the TLS. I acted, however unwisely, out of what I thought was a generous impulse to share the more public passages from these letters with other admirers of Elizabeth Bishop's.

ANNE STEVENSON
The Poetry Bookshop, 22 Broad
Street, Hay-on-Wye HR3 5DB.

Sir,—William C. Sturtevant (Letters, March 7) chides my reference to Melville as evidence for cannibalism in the Marquesas Islands. He cites Charles R. Anderson's *Melville in the South Seas* as demonstrating that in fact Melville copied much of his material from the Marquesan culture from earlier accounts. Anderson himself makes no such claim. He can only intimate that Melville plagiarized, and unlike his well-founded charge of *Wines* Jackson, Melville's own account can be compared with the official documents of the voyage of the frigate *United States*, his Marquesan evidence is not at all convincing. Anderson uses the findings of the Bayard Dominick Expedition as a check on the accuracy of Melville's book. E. S. Craighill Handy was the official ethnologist on that expedition, and in his *The Native Culture in the Marquesas* he frequently cites Melville as an authority, often quoting extensively from his work. Handy, who lived for nine months on the Marquesas, spoke the language and studied all the sources of the time. He seriously queries Melville's information, and no one could have been in a better position to do so. Melville became a member of the expedition, but that fact

should not place in doubt the basic authenticity of his first work on the Marquesas.

DONALD TAYLER
University of Oxford, Pitt Rivers
Museum, Parks Road, Oxford OX1 3PP.

Sir,—Looking for something else in Julian Symonds' *Crime and Detection* I was reminded of the American child murderer, Albert Fish, who ate at least one of his victims "cooked . . . with carrots and onions". That suggests the gastronomic buffalo theory. For a crime, there is my own experience, recorded some years ago in the following quatrain:

"I'll burn it off now if you like,"
said my GP,
Apropos of the papilloma on my
Bothersome of late. Would that all
Disappeared in a whiff of over-
done pork!
ROY FULLER,
37 Langton Way, London SE3 7TJ.

Sir,—It would appear that the correction I sent you of my piece on Mme Yourcenar (April 4) did not reach you in time. The anthology of Greek poetry to which I referred in the final paragraph was compiled by André Bonnard and not by Abel Bonnard, Mme Yourcenar's notorious predecessor among "immortals". My apologies.
GEORGE STUBER,
Université de Genève, 3 Place de l'Université, 1211 Genève 4.

Sir,—It may be rash for anyone to intervene when booksellers and publishers are locked in one of their familiar dogfights, but Keith Nicholson's letters (March 7 and 28) contain so many venerable legends that a word may be useful from one who as author, purchaser of books, and in a small way publisher has enough interests to serve to be almost thought impartial. If Mr Nicholson really believes that the book trade is a captive market for very expensive books he needs to come out of the 1960s: one reason for the recent increase in the price of especially academic books is the growing inability of libraries to buy even at quite reasonable prices, so that the market has shrunk alarmingly, with obvious consequences for printers and unit costs. (Incidentally, in some twenty years' involvement in publishing I have come across not one genuine case of a publisher cheating by slapping a high price on a book because "libraries will have to buy"—and to hell with the private purchaser.) I am surprised that a bookseller, compelled in his business to lock up much capital, should fail to grasp that the publisher is in the same position: what he needs is not reasonable returns in a few years' time but cash now to pay editors, printers, paper-manufacturers and the rest. I doubt if composers would welcome a wages scheme which adjusts to the rate at which books leave a publisher's warehouse, but that is how the publisher's profit (working capital) comes in.

I do not admire high book prices, and like Mr Nicholson I much dislike a policy of badly selling dear, and then cashing in through remainder houses. Reputable publishers should not do that. But when he deplores the high price of books, should not Mr Nicholson also deplore the high price of the books which he deplores? The price of each price £24 to reach the publisher? When he sells a copy of that book on Rabelais he takes £35 from the customer, but something like £11 will be left after the publisher's share. He is quite right too. Mr Duckworth's warehouse has had some £24 to cover costs and author's remuneration, plus the profit he needs if he is to be able to publish another book, or say on Montaigne. Not to mention editing, printing, etc. Does Mr Nicholson really suppose that if the book were priced at £12, yielding him perhaps £3.50, he would sell three times as many copies on the same day that now he sells £11 from one copy sold? No, this kind of a very restricted appeal, of course, is awful, for of

rubbish comes under the heading of books published, but there is a economic link between the two kinds of product: very rarely, one publisher's rubbish may help finance the good stuff—but mostly we are talking about different products.

The interests of all parties involved in the production and sale of books go hand in hand, and it is very sad to find one or the other party—not uncommonly a book-seller—refusing to see the point. What with printers squeezing the reader, readers relying on free libraries, a few publishers rising in profits by unacceptable methods, and some booksellers refusing to stock slow-moving books, the whole business, desperately hard-hit by inflation and philistinism, is in a constant state of near-collapse. But Mr Nicholson would understand that if this happens the truth will not lie solely with one side of the operation.

G. R. ELTON,
Clare College, Cambridge, CB2 1TL.

Sir,—As a publisher still trying to produce worthwhile books and to survive, may I be permitted to reply to Keith Nicholson?

We are all beset by almost insuperable problems. Library donations have been reduced further by the present administration. With current production costs and increasing overheads, and, therefore, heavy retail price increases of books, libraries now have less money to spend than ever before since the advent of the multiple public library system. The public can no longer afford to buy hard-back books; hardback publishers are not geared to selling in the paperback mass market and the paperback mass market is no longer geared to selling library works with limited sales. Export markets are collapsing and being infiltrated by cheaper United States products; this is possibly due to more liberal and realistic American unions, up-to-date production methods and cheaper postal rates.

Sometimes we print big special issues or illustrated books in the United States and can publish more cheaply.

If we have to produce books of non-fiction in the UK we usually print small quantities and the unit cost rises accordingly.

We all love Bill Smith (BSC Reminders) but would prefer to forgo his services; however, his good books cease to sell, publishers are reluctant to offer him a reprint service to help empty out warehouses, even though we lose money on these deals. Our complaint is that at least sometimes the books reach appreciative readers who can just about pay the low prices charged.

I suggest Mr Nicholson forbids bookshops for a short period to learn about publishing; perhaps he can produce a panacea.
PETER OWEN,
Peter Owen Ltd, Publishers, 37
Kenway Road, London SW5 8RE.

Sir,—The point of Keith Nicholson's letter is that the book prices are high. Does he mean that Rabelais should have been priced at £15—and this being a public book, should not have been priced at £15? Or that people are not allowed to buy books? Or that publishers are not given for now complete resale?

As a bookseller handling books in the higher price spectrum, I am saddened by the current economic situation. But even a greedy publisher, even a publisher who makes a clear statement that his books are not for sale, would not be able to sell his books at a price of £15. The price of each price £24 to reach the publisher? When he sells a copy of that book on Rabelais he takes £35 from the customer, but something like £11 will be left after the publisher's share. He is quite right too. Mr Duckworth's warehouse has had some £24 to cover costs and author's remuneration, plus the profit he needs if he is to be able to publish another book, or say on Montaigne. Not to mention editing, printing, etc. Does Mr Nicholson really suppose that if the book were priced at £12, yielding him perhaps £3.50, he would sell three times as many copies on the same day that now he sells £11 from one copy sold? No, this kind of a very restricted appeal, of course, is awful, for of

the ISBN of *Henri Cartier-Bresson Photographs* published by Thames and Hudson and reviewed in the TLS on 10.4.80, 4962-4.

W. H. Auden

Sir,—As an old friend of Auden from his undergraduate days, may I say that it is important not to get carried away by the enthusiasm of Charles Osborne's biography of him out of proportion (Letters, April 4). The fundamental question is whether he has got the portrait of Wystan right; I think he has, a remarkable degree, both sympathetic and true, and also affectionate. We have reason to be grateful for so authentic a portrait; a benighted generation ago it would have been impossible to tell the truth about Wystan's private life.

I am sure that Mr Osborne will be glad of useful corrections of fact—as any historian should be (I always file mine for future editions). Actually the critical assessment of Auden's work and his place in literature is a much more difficult matter, and that really does await further discussion.

A. L. ROWSE,
The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5BR.

Sir,—If the meaning of the homosexual slang used by Auden in his review of *My Father and Myself* is of sufficient importance to have reached your correspondence columns (March 21), I perhaps ought to mention that I once boasted to me (as he did not doubt to dozens more) of his having been the first to use "Plain-Sewing" in print, and explained it as a sailor's term for mutual masturbation—hence the adjective "brotherly", which does not suit the literary act suggested by John Lorton.

DEREK ATTRIDGE,
Department of English, The University, Southampton SO9 5NH.

William Hazlitt

Sir,—In protesting my review of Hazlitt's Letters, a co-editor of the volume, Gerald Lacey, has caught me in one mistake (April 11). I misremembered the title by association with "A Letter to William Hazlitt", and because I was making a case for its publication in an edition of Hazlitt's Letters. With the rest of Mr Lacey's charges I shall try to deal briefly.

My estimate of Sarah Walker is pretty much that of Hazlitt's friends; as for *Liber Amoris*, I think it a masterpiece; but that is not the point. My impression is that the aficionados of the Sarah Walker edition operate in a somewhat exclusive preserve of their own, and that the warmest admirers of Hazlitt's genius are to be found elsewhere. This edition of his letters showed too much regard for the former group. Mr Lacey, in calling her "the Queen of Letters" and the "Roman Play", gives a fair sample of the flora and fauna, climate, and local cuisine of Sarah Walker Land.

2 Colouring, Drawing, Ideal and Picturesque might be misleading if the last two words were taken to be more closely interconnected than any other two: so I

pointed to the missing comma. Mr Lacey now brings in Hazlitt's comment on the ideal and the picturesque, familiar to readers of *Table-Talk*. But the essay supports my objection: Hazlitt makes them mean extremely different things (like colour and drawing). He was a worshipper of the ideal, which he took to imply perfection of individual expression. He was distrustful of the picturesque: see his essay on "Pope, Lord Byron, and Mr Bowles".

3 Like the editors I used the typewriter's "k" to signify Hazlitt's plus-sign: the editorial decision to spell it out certainly changes the feeling, and the note assuring us that "Hazlitt never used and" is simply false. He commonly shortened it; but plenty of exceptions turned up in a search of the MS letters to Napier alone; the reader ought to be told this fact. What "k" may be worth let the dreaded name of modern scholarship decide!—an editor owes us only a fair explanation of his procedures.

4 The dubious letter to John Taylor seemed to me authentically in Hazlitt's style, italics and all, and I supported my guess by citing evidence from a review of *The Listener* (December 6). D. A. N. Jones found an even better reason for calling it authentic—an article of Hazlitt's (bristling with italics) on the subject which the letter-writer wants to treat in his article. Its italics are "Gentle and delicate", it appears in Volume 20 of *Howells*, and it was published long after the letter.

5 Mr Lacey regrets my having mentioned so few misprints or mis-transcriptions. I can favour him with some more. The reference to "Letter 84", on page 153, should be to Letter 92; the "parcel of small grievances", on page 206, should be a "parcel of small, old grievances at an Unitarian Meeting in Boston the Liturgy (formerly Trinitarian) was drawn up by my father 40 years ago", on page 366, requires in order to make sense, and in the MS contains, the words "of which" between "Liturgy" and the parenthesis. I put all these into a draft of the review, and then omitted them, for fear of boring the reader.

DAVID BROMWICH,
Department of English, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08544.

Andrew Young

Sir,—I am writing a biographical and critical study, in collaboration with Edward Lowbury, on my father, the Rev. Canon Andrew Young (1885-1971). We should be very grateful to receive letters written by Andrew Young which we would copy and return promptly, and would appreciate any reminiscences about him.

ALISON YOUNG,
79 Vernon Road, Birmingham B16 9SQ.

Fifty years on . . .

In 1930 the Tottenham Court Road, London WC1, was dominated by shops selling furniture rather than video equipment. A history of the road by E. Beresford Chancellor, entitled *London's Old Latin Quarter*, was reviewed in the TLS on April 17.

The Tottenham Court-road serves a book to itself in the great library of London. It only because it is one of the few streets which still practise the medieval principle of one street one trade. But Mr Chancellor daringly claims another interest for it as the centre of London's "old Latin Quarter". He produces names in plenty, from Keeler, who lived in Great Russell Street, which was the aristocratic haunt of the district, to Holman Hunt and Rossetti, who founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in Cleveland Street. He can claim for the district two of the greatest names in English landscape painting, Constable and Wilson. He points to Newman Street as at one time having no fewer than nine Royal Academicians living in it.

Mr Chancellor, in spite of his title, does not concentrate on his subject. He gives the furniture and book trade, and in an excellent book tells the whole history of the road from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century.

The two most interesting buildings in the district have nothing to do with either painting or furniture. The one is the Scala Theatre, the other the Adam and Eve public house. Few theatres have so strange and interesting a history as the Scala. It started as the King's Concert Rooms, much frequented by George III, and it passed through many changes of name and fortune until it reached its zenith as the "Prince of Wales's" with the Baroque of Robertson's plays. What it was immediately before then is sufficiently seen in Lady Bancroft's description of her first visit to the theatre, when a woman in the audience called her a "stuck-up" and threatened to throw an orange at her. The other building, the Adam and Eve public house on the corner of the Euston and Hampstead Roads, is really the beginning of the Tottenham Court-road. It started as the major point to Newman Street as at one time having no fewer than nine Royal Academicians living in it.

Mr Chancellor, in spite of his title, does not concentrate on his subject. He gives the furniture and book trade, and in an excellent book tells the whole history of the road from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century.

'Petrouchka'

Sir,—Unfortunately, my music library is dispersed, and I am not sure exactly where my score of *Petrouchka* is. I admit to an error in my article on Stravinsky, kindly pointed out by Mr Sternfeld of the Oxford Faculty of Music (March 28). I put the Lanner waltz in B flat instead of E flat. One of the peculiarities of my ageing memory is that I remember musical passages a fourth lower or fifth higher than written. This may also be a confusion caused by my taking up both the alto flute and the horn. Anyway, I apologise.

ANTHONY BURGESS,
44 rue Grimaldi, Monaco.

'The Elephant Man'

Sir,—In Phyllis Grosskurth's review of *The True History of the Elephant Man*, she misrepresents the play by Bernard Pomerance. As reviews cited at the time of the Hampstead Theatre Club production, one of the themes of the play is that Merrick fared better with the upper than the lower classes. His most important two "privileged Victorian" friends, Treves and Mrs Kendal, both aid him because of their good will rather than to assuage their consciences. And surely Treves and Merrick had seen, and produced, does not seem an exploding figure. These are matters of some complexity, which the play reflects, but to suggest that one of the thrusts of the play is to heap blame on Treves and his peers is to misread the play.

RICHMOND CRINKLEY,
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, 140 West 65th Street, New York, NY 10023.

'Gay'

Sir,—In his letter of March 14, Wayne Dynes notes that "the adjective 'gay' . . . has not for a long time been 'innocent', as Roger Scruton pretends, in his review of *The State of the Language* (February 22)". He offers a footnote to "Litrative" and a glance at the OED entry (9b: 'in slang use, of a woman: leading an immoral life, living by prostitution') shows that the application of the term to disapproved sexual conduct goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It is worth taking another look at the OED. The entry cited is actually 2b; and a glance at entry 2 reveals that "gay" had lost its innocence as early as 1637: "Adapted to social pleasures and dissipations. Often euphemistic-ally: Of loose or immoral life." All citations refer to men. (For a possible antedating of the OED, see Philip Edwards and Colin Gibson, editors, *The Pleasure and Pain of Philip Massinger* (Oxford, 1976), V.137; gloss to *The Bondman*, V.137.136.)

MICHAEL CAMERON ANDREWS,
Old Dominion University, Norfolk, Virginia 23508.

Among this week's contributors

HAROLD BEAVER is Reader in American Literature at the University of Warwick.

KENNETH BALCHAMPTON's *Race, Sex and Class Under the Raj* was published earlier this year.

T. C. BARKER is Professor of Economic History at the London School of Economics.

WILLIAM BOYD's novel *A Good Man in Africa* will be published next year.

ANTHONY BURGESS will be giving the 1980 T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures. "Blest Pair of Sirens: Thoughts on Music and Literature" at the University of Kent at Canterbury between April 28 and May 1.

MICHAEL BUTLER is a Lecturer in German at the University of Birmingham.

PHILIP COLLINS is Professor of English at the University of Leicester. His books include *Dickens and Crime*, 1962, and *Dickens and Education*, 1964.

BARRY CHAMBERLAIN's books include *Iron Age Communities in Britain*, 1974, and *Hengistbury Head*, 1978. D. J. ENRIGHT's books include *Shakespeare and the Students*, 1970, and *A Faust Book*, 1978.

TOM DISCH's most recent novel is *On Wings of Song*, 1979.

MICHAEL FOOT's books include *The Pen and the Sword*, 1957, and *Angus Bevan*, 1962 and 1973.

G. S. HOLMES's books include *The Trial of Doctor Sacheverell*, 1973.

PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971.

ANTHONY KENNY's most recent books include *Wittgenstein*, 1973, and *Stuart England*, 1978.

STEPHEN KOSS is the author of *Asquith*, 1978.

PETER LEWIS is a Lecturer in English at the University of Durham.

FRANK TUOHY's collection of stories, *Live Bait*, was published in 1978.

JENNIFER UGLOW is the editor of *Essays on Literature and Art* by Walter Pater, 1975.

TERENCE DE VERE WHITE's novels include *The Distance and the Dark*, 1973, and *Chimes at Midnight*, 1977.

KARAVAN FORTNA's books include *Revolution in Modern English Drama*, 1973.

RICHARD MAYNE's books include *The Europeans*, 1972, and a translation of Jean Monnet's *Memoirs*, 1978.

HUGH MORLEY FLETCHER is Director of European Ceramics at Christie's, published earlier this year.

KENNETH O. MORGAN's *Consensus and Dissensus: the Lloyd George Coalition 1918-1922* was published last year.

DERVLA MURPHY's books include *Where the Indus is Young*, 1977, and *A Place Apart*, 1978.

NORMAN NICHOLSON's most recent book is *The Lake District*, 1977.

D. D. RAPHAEL's books include *Problems of Political Philosophy*, 1970, and *Hobbes: Morals and Politics*, 1977.

C. H. ROSE is the author of *T. P. P. and the Public*, 1962, and *The Queen's Pardon*, 1978.

CAROL RUMENS's collections of poems include *A Strange Girl in Bright Colours*, 1973, and *A Neck-lace of Mirrors*, 1979.

SANDRA SALMANS is a regular contributor to the *New York Times* and the *International Herald Tribune*.

A. N. SHERWIN WHITE's books include *Historical Commentary on the Letters of Pliny the Younger*, 1966, and *Racial Prejudice in Imperial Rome*, 1967.

SUELLA STRAIN is a member of the English Faculty at the University of Cambridge.

JULIAN SYMONS's new crime novel, *Sweet Adelaide*, will shortly be reviewed in the TLS.

JEREMY TREGLOWN's edition of the correspondence of John Winthrop, *John Winthrop's Letters*, will be published in the summer.

FRANK TUOHY's collection of stories, *Live Bait*, was published in 1978.

JENNIFER UGLOW is the editor of *Essays on Literature and Art* by Walter Pater, 1975.

TERENCE DE VERE WHITE's novels include *The Distance and the Dark*, 1973, and *Chimes at Midnight*, 1977.

KARAVAN FORTNA's books include *Revolution in Modern English Drama*, 1973.

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the authors of the quotations which follow and to send us their answers so that they reach this office not later than Friday, May 9. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to The Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, PO Box No 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of May 16.

Competition No 19

1 "Dullness I could overlook," said the aunt of C—; "what I cannot forgive is his making love to my maid."

"My dear Mrs Troyle," gasped the hostess, "what an extraordinary idea! I assure you Mr Brope would not dream of doing such a thing."

"His dreams are a matter of indifference to me; for all I care his slumbers may be one long incursion of unsuitable erotic advances, in which the entire servants' hall may be involved. But in his waking hours he shall not make love to my maid. If he no use arguing about it, I'm firm on the point."

"I think it vastly disobliging in your cousin," said Tracy, "to be at such pains over me." It was thirty years ago now since he had first adopted this imitation Jane Austen speech in addressing the academical branch of his family; it represented the furthest concession he felt prepared to make to the whimsical humour of North Oxford.

"I've brought you *The Times*," said Priscilla, "I hope that was right."

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a

By Patricia Craig

"Independence I have long considered the grand blessing of life, the basis of every virtue; and independence I will ever secure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath," wrote Mary Wollstonecraft. For women in recent fiction, independence usually means recovery of the will to act in accordance with certain wishes of their own, acknowledged perhaps after years of dissembling. It will not exclude ideas of compromise and rearrangement; few will opt for solitude and the barren heath.

Abra's first and most crucial gain is his fully ground—seventy acres of it, to be walked over, savoured, cultivated, scanned for forage. What she feels is akin to the exhilaration of Sylvia Plath when she wrote: "This is my property. Two times a day I pace it, austere, austere, austere and austere; a kind of backwoods pioneering spirit has surfaced in Abra, making her past routine seem hazy and remote. An unsuitable departure for a woman. The life of a recluse has always been considered a male prerogative. But now, so appealing to some romantic strain in the masculine temperament, whereas the

By T. J. Binyon

Adventures of a Staffordshire petty Pew Group—one of only two in existence—from its appearance on a Bring-and-Buy stall in an E Anglian village to its apotheosis in a London saleroom. Pleasant, if times overly facetious romp, with crime coming a bad third to eccentric characters and country atmosphere.

Harry Johnson of the FBI is in charge of the investigation to find the sniper who, with unbelieveable marksmanship, has been hitting down targets on the East Coast. Implausibly cool, precociously cunning, Harry works through a waist-high stack of computer print-out and a complicated plot to the final answer. Not constructed with a solid urban background (but some slip-ups in the rural scene: what makes Mayor think you don't need mus-

Like the Inspector Chote story, H. R. F. Keating's latest book is set in India. Not, however, modern India of Ghate, but India of 1930. The period is the classical detective story, and the plot punctiliously follows the variations of the genre. A group of people congregates in

pulse to turn all the small disas-
ters, the wrongs and burdens and
resentments of home life, into a
comedy of bad manners or forgive-
able errors. To document recourse
of spirits, to insist on the neces-
sity of a worldly and ironic
wives, is the business of many
clever and entertaining novelists.
Joan Barfoot's purpose is more
serious and radical: she is ques-
tioning assumptions about sanity and
proper behavior. Her novel is
developed at a moment of humour
in the book, and it occurs toward
the end when Abra succumbs to
sudden, brief panic, envisaging the
effect of her appearance upon a

Brock Porter, of the New York brokerage firm of Price, Potter & Petacque, again gets involved in some unpleasant shenanigans, this time winning in murder; this time with innocently investigating the possibility that the long-established, fashionable Koberg Chemical might be in line for a takeover bid. Brock Ivy League to the core, has a pleasant, buttoned-down style, to match his shirt and his creator's sense of a neat and absorbing plot.

In his latest novel, Reginald Hill, had the brilliant idea of beginning a most spy story and a break opens with Sam Kennedy's sudden flight behind the Iron Curtain, and concerns itself thereafter exclusively with the efforts of wife, Molly, to cope with the situation. This novel, in a situation which she too, finds herself willingly involved with the friends of the world of espionage. The may be less obviously exciting than the normal spy thriller, but it is more interesting in human interest. The human element is of time in sure and convincing fashion, and is set against a solid background of Northern England with a strong

It is Abra's story, and this is the way the novel chooses to tell it. "Yes, of course I made him up," she says of her husband. "... I deliberately made him into nothing." It is a basic psychological trick, and it is cleverly—cleverly—done. The creative decision of point of view but Abra's can carry weight. The book requires a moral centre, of course, to balance conventional feelings attracted to the image of the hero. But the old morality of social duties and sacrifice is a new morality fundamentally opposed to posturing and role-playing. This is the centre. It signifies a private advance. It is an advance in the wider sense, too, representing progress, time for assessment and revelation on the novel's broad and above all, personal, ground.

Body of a young Englishman is discovered buried in the snow outside Tromsø in northern Norway, says Inspector Pergamo, solid but perceptive, gradually chips the case away. A thinner, rather loose plot than usual from Robert Barnard, made up for by a carefully detailed and pleasing delineation of life in Tromsø academic and bourgeois circles.

JACK WINCHESTER:
The Solitary Man
 186pp. Hamish Hamilton £6.50.
 0 241 10351 7

Viennese Jew Hugo Hartman is born an American and a Russian agent. He is tired of playing both sides against the middle, and wants to retire, but neither side will let him go. There seems to be no way out until a situation comes up which

MARTIN RUSSELL:
Death Funn
1966p, Collins £4.75.
0 00 231084 8.

Maniac with a store of bombs fi
with three-inch nails, sharpene
work done is leaving them of
in cloyed restaurants and dance
in London. Chief Inspector E
Cullen and thine rest, of the E
Squad, are hampered by the
that there seems to be no, no
for all the crimes but, dogged
the thickening mist, work m
slowly towards a solution:
reader is quite likely to get
first. Sniff, unprejudiced and
doubtedly, tense.

**THE TIMES
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For application form and full particulars apply to:
Personnel Department, 55 Aungler Street,
Dublin 2.

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Friday, 8th May, 1990.

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Salary: £17,500-£21,415, to £29,000, £22,377 to £27,047, per annum inclusive of London weighting.

Further details and application form from the Chief Administrative Officer (TD/UC), The College of Higher Education, 100, Grosvenor Road, Brighton, BN1 9QJ. Closing date: 24 May, 1989.

Applications are invited from prehigh school writers for the above position which will be identical at the Hunderthall Polytechnic, initially for one year, and thereafter for two years.

The Fellow will be associated with the Department of English Studies and encouraged to pursue his/her own work on campus during the year. The primary concern of the position is to provide a research environment in which it is anticipated that there will be ample opportunity for informal and productive contact with both staff and students.

A salary up to \$3,000 is offered together with full fringe accommodation. The closing date for applications is 9th May 1980.

Further details of application procedure from Michael Dawson, Department of English Studies, Hunderthall Polytechnic, Bradford, BD9 8BB, Yorks.

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